## THE WIDE AWAKE CIRCLE BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers-I. Write plainly on one side of the saper only, and number the pages.

2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.

3. Short and pointed articles will e given preference. Do not use over 50 words. Original stories or letters only 4. Original stories or letters only will be used. 5. Write yo... name, age and ad-dress plainly at the bottom of the Address all communications to Uncle

"Whatever you are-Be that! Whatever you say—Be true! Straightforwardly act, Be honest—in fact, Be nobody else but you."

MRS, GANDER'S SUMMER SCHOOL Constance M. Lowe. Old Mrs. Gander kept a sc

As perfect as could be,

all the little goslings came They learned the famous goose's step Each morning at their drill, And every copy that they wrote Was written with a quill.

Young Bill was often in disgrace And on his form was stood, With dunce's cap upon his head, Because he wasn't good.

And once, when told he might ge down,
He pulled some feathers out:
"Tis thus," he said, "that I get down,
And scattered it about.

The other goslings cackled so
To see the fluffy down,
That Mrs. Gander shock her head
And scolded, with a frown.

lesson time was done at last And soon the geese were seen All playing, as happy as could be, Upon the village green.

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES.

Just now lots of boys and girls "to go a greening," which means rove the fields and dig the dandens on warm and sunny slopes.

The dandellon is a medical plant ke the lettuce and endive and used be grown in the herb-gardens of countries hundreds of years ago. nd it is because of its healing qualies that it was called taraxacum, but one can tell why it was called the dan-de-lion, any more than they can ell why the little edible yellow primose is called the cowslip. These comnon names were given the plants so many hundred years ago that they have lost their connection with their whyfores

How prettily the golden blosson tar the green grass on these bleak lays and because of this a poet wrote f them: "To look at thee unlocks a armer clime."

Perhaps you have not noticed how elions suft themselves to condiions. In the open lot they make rost plants and hold their flowers on ng stems up to the sun; but on awns where they are cut and clipped by the lawn mower they do not seem to have any stem but just hug the round to escape the revolving knife. No one knows how long ago it was that the dandelion discovered that! its seeds must all have a flying mahine, but it is quite likely the wind was invited to carry the seeds to new elds and drop them in soft mold be-

e the birds knew how to fly. You know the fluffy globe chilfren hold and blow to pieces that it nay tell them how old they be. The eeds not ripe enough to let go are counted and these tell one's age.

It is because of these fluffy glober which are swept away by the wind that these flowers are said to change o vanishing ghosts.

of the dandelions, split them, andwe em with their tongue when they roll nto curls, and they push them up uner their hats and wear them in play. The reason the stem curls is because inner sap tubes suck up the colsture which causes the stem swell and lengthen on the inside, which causes it to curl on the outside. It is the growing of one side of a stem faster then the other which causes all stems to twine and cling lo supports.

If you should see an endive plant, you would know it was first cousin to the dandelion; but you would never nistrust it was second cousin to the sttuce unless some one told you; and he lettuce is first cousin to the milkweed, the tender tops of which make meh fine greens.

In this country the dandellon sooked but in the old countries it is aten as lettuce is, and is thought to

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. 1-Ralph Wilcox, of Moosup-To 1-Irene Vonasek, of West Willing-

-The Camp-Fire Girls Across the 8-Molly Paley, of Colchester-The

-May Danahy, of Norwich - Ton Swift and His Submarine Boat. 5-Clara Allen, of Versailles -

Michael J. Burns, of Fitchville-the Motor Boat Club of The Kenne-

7-Mary A. Burrill, of Stafford Iprings-Tom Swift and FUs Electric tunabout.

Attle Women's Success.

The winners of books living in the ity mail at The Bulletin business offity mail at The Bulletin business of-los for them at any time after 10 a. n. on Thursday.

ETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Elicen O'Kalley, of Versailles—I re-nived the prize book you sent me and thank you very much for it. I im late in acknowledging it as I was way when the book arrived.

Heta Modrath, of Boarahville — I hank you very much for the prize ook you sent me. I have read it brough and found it very interesting.

I have begun to read and like very

Catherine Nelson, of Versailles—I thank you very much for the prize book you sent me, entitled, "Tom Fair-field at Sea." I have read it and find it very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE. AWAKES.

How We Earn Money. My father said, "How will you and rother Will earn money for the bank."

This is the way: Brother and I are going to join the club, each having one eighth of an acre, and plant corn, potatoes, cabbage, or some other crop that is useful. We must do all the

potatoes, cabbage, or some other crop that is useful. We must do all the work it needs ourselves.

Some crops must be watered and some we must hoe. Then when the crop is to be taken home we will dig it out and put it in bags and will carry it home, and soon will be selling

I have a hen sitting on fifteen eggs, and I have to put her out every morn-ing or night to get fresh air. I give her clean water and corn every day

and not very much.

When the baby chickens are hatching I must get them from under the hen in the morning or at night (because I have to go to school in the day time). I must put them into a high box so they won't get out and at night cover them as much as they In two or three days, I must feed

them. I will give them eggs, meal, and wet bread, very soft. The fourth day I will get the hen and let them go out and at four o'clock in the afternoon put them with their mother in their little chicken

When they are old enough to be sold I will sell them to some butcher and take the money every Friday to school to put in the bank. also two flower pots in I water them every morning

go to school, IRENE VONASEK, Age 11. West Willington.

The Candy Pulling. One afternoon Sadie, Charlie and Hattle were going to have a candy-pulling in Mrs. Campton's sunny kitch-

n. Bridget put on the kettle, with some nice molasses in it, and pretty soon it was boiling and foaming and bubbling. After a while Charlie dropped some of the boiling syrup into a cup of cold water. As it grew hard at once, the candy was ready for pulling.

Now poor little Hattle didn't know that to pull candy the hands should first be buttered, or at least dipped in cold water to prevent sticking So sha

cold water, to prevent sticking. So she took a large lump of warm candy without either buttering or wetting her hands. Charlie and Sadie briskly "worked" their candy, pulling it from one hand to the other as it grew light and brit-

Hattie's only stuck harder and harder to her hands, the poor little child laid down all the candy she could, and made some excuse for running into the garden. She did not want Charlie

and Sadie to laugh at her.

She hid behind a fence and began licking the candy from her hands. All at once Hattie heard a little giggle. Through an opening in the fence she saw a pair of bright eyes watching her. The roguish Charlie had followed her to find out what was the matter. Hattle felt almost like crying when she first saw those laughing eyes; but she was too merry and funloving a little girl herself for that!

tle girl herself for that!

Then Charlie and Sadle were really very kind when they found what the trouble was. They thought they the butter.

So they all had a good laugh, and Hattie's little mistake made all the more fun for the happy children. When she went home that afternoon Hattie had several sticks of nice molasses candy she had pulled herself.
Besides that she had learned a useful
little lesson, which she never forgot.
ROSE ALMA DEMUTH, Age 13.

The Story the Old Shoe Told, Once an old shoe and a gingham apron met in a ragman's cart.

"Hello," said the apron to the shoe.
"How did you happen to come here."
"I will tell you the story of my life
if you like, then you will know how
I came here," answered the shoe, and
heren this way. egan this way:

"Once I was on the back of a cow and when the cow was killed I was dried and taken to the tannery. After being there awhile the tanner sold me to a shoe factory where I was made into shoes. I was then put in the window of a large shoe store where could see people passing by every day,
"I shall never forget the day a little girl came into the store with her
mother. She was a pretty child with mother. She was a pretty child with long golden curls, and while the sales-man showed me to them I kept wish-ing that she would like me. I guess she did, because I saw her mother give the man some green papers and then shut met up in a box.

When I again saw light there was the same little girl. She was going to school and I had to go, too.

I wore out at last as all shoes do.
The mother three was in the same little was going to school and I had to go, too. I wore out at last as all shees do. The mother threw me in an old box and one day when the ragman came along I was sold and here I am," finished the old shoe, and he sighed.
"Now I'll tell you my story," said the gingham apron; but just then the ragman, who was sorting out the things, threw the shoe one way and the apron another so the gingham the apron another, so the gingham apron never had a chance to tell the

old shoe her story.

MARY BURRILL, Age 12. Stafford Springs.

The Boyhood of Franklin. Franklin's boyhood was full of hard work. His education was very scanty, but he showed a remarkable fondness for books. He once said he could remember when he did not know how to read. He was placed at school in his

eighth year. His tenth year he was taken from school, to assist his fath-er who was a tallow chandler and soap maker. The lad worked at this dis-tasteful business until his twelfth year, when he was apprenticed to his brother to learn the trade of a printer. At the age of seventeen, as the result of a quarrel with his brother, he ran away from home.

Finally he found himself in Phila-

delphie with a dollar in his pocket. He soon married a young girl in that city.

ALVIN FARGO, Age 12.

King Philip's War. King Philip was the son of Massa

solt was an Indian chief, wh lived at Mount Hope, in Rhode Island. When Massasolt was chief every-thing went on well because he liked thing went on well because he liked ed to the white men; but King Philip did but not. He said the white men came Whe down from Massachusetts and took his it re not. He said the white men came when a town became strong enough it revolted and demanded a charter. In the linding gathered tegether and made ready for war.

One Sunday member as some white these and on certain conditions, and

people were coming from church shots were fired out of the bushes. This was the beginning of the great Indian war. It lasted about a year and a half.

At last Governor Church killed King Philip. This ended the wa.
ALICE MAY AYER, Age 11. Norwich.

The Chinmunk's Escape. Dear Uncle Jed: I was sitting in the woods one autumn day when I heard a small cry and a rustling amid heard a small cry and a rustling amid the branches of a tree a few rods be-yond me. Looking thither, amid the branches of the tree, I saw a chip-munk fall through the air, and catch on a limb twenty or more feet from the ground. He appeared to have dropped from near the top of the tree

He secured his hold upon the small branch that had luckily intercepted hi fall, and sat perfectly still. In a mo ment more I saw a weasel—one of th small red variety—come down the trunk of the tree and begin exploring the branches on a level with the chipmunk.

I saw in a moment what had hap-pened. The weasel had driven the chipmunk from his retreat in the rocks and stones beneath and had pressed him so closely that he had taken refuge in the top of the tree. The weasel had tracked the frightened chipmunk to the topmost branch, where he tried to seize him. Then the chipmunk had, in horror, let go his hold, screamed, and fallen through the air, till he struck the branch he sat upon.

the branch he sat upon.

His bloodthirsty enemy was looking for him again, apparently relying entirely upon his sense of smell to guide him to the game.

Round and round, up and down, he went on the branches, exploring them over and over. He seemed baffled. He knew his game was near, but he could not strike the snot. The hearth upon knew his game was near, but he could not strike the spot. The branch upon the extreme end of which the chipmunk sat ran out and up from the tree, seven or eight feet, and then turned a sharp elbow.

The weasel would pause each time at this elbow and turn back. It seemed as if he knew that particular branch held his prey, and yet its crookedness each time threw him out.

branch held his prey, and yet its crookedness each time threw him out. He would not give it up, but went over this course again and again. In the course of five or six minutes the weasel gave up the search, and ran hurriedly down the tree to the

ground. The chipmunk remained motionless The chipmunk remained motionless for a long time; then he stirred a little, as if hope were reviving. Then he looked nervously about him; then he recovered himself, so far as to change his position. Presently he began to move cautiously, along the branch to the hole of the tree; then after a few minutes' delay he pluck-ed up courage to descend to the ground where, I hope, no weasel has disturbed him since

MAY DANAHY. Norwich.

Loss of the Royal George.

Many years ago an English fleet lay at anchor in the roadstead at Spithead near Portsmouth. The finest ship in the fleet was the Royal George. She hundred guns.

Just as everything was put on board

and she was ready to go to sea the first lieutenant discovered that the waterpipes were out of order. In order to repair them it was not thought neces-sary to put the ship into the dock, but only to heel her over till that part of the hull where the pipes were placed was brought above the water.

Heeling a ship over is making her lean over on one side.

A gang of men from the dockyard

were sent to help the ship's carpenters. The workmen reached the pipes of the Royal George and made the needed repairs. But just as they had done so a lighter or a large open boat laden with coal came alongside. The portwith coal came alongside. The port-holes on the lower side of the Royal George were nearly even with the water when the lighter came near, but when the men began to take in the coal the boat heeled over more and more. The water began to rush in the portholes.

The carmenter saw the denger and ran and told the second lieutenant that the ship ought to be righted at But the lieutenant said: "Mind your own business and I'll mind mine."

The carpenter went a second nd got the same answer. At last the lieutenant began to see that the carpenter had been right and the danger was very great. He ordered

the men to their posts.

The men were scrambling down through the hatchway to put the heavy guns back in their places. It was too late. The boat was sinking rapidly. Before help or rescue could be had. lown went the Royal George, carrying with her the admiral, officers, men and numerous visitors who were on board to the number of nearly one thousand The gallant ship was lost, with all

on board, because a young man was too proud to take advice. FRANK PARDY, Age 14.

The Eskimos.

The Eskimos live in Greenland and ome in Alaska.

and they are not big.

The women dress the same as the men do. It is very cold there, so their clothing is made of fur. The Eskimos live near the ocean because it is easier to get food. They take their tents with them when they do in search of food. In winter, when the ground is frozen and covered with snow the Es-kimos ride about on sleds drawn by dogs. They kill seals and fish with their spears. Some of the fishermen from the United States go there. The Sakimos trade with some of the peo ple who come there.

The Eskimos call their boats kayaks

The boats and the sleds are mones, because there is little there.
The Eskimos keep warm because they eat fat. They burn fat in their lamps because it makes them warm

because they haven't any kero-They haven't any stoves, but eat the things they catch without cook-

Some of the Eskimos are civilized and the other Eskimos are learning from the civilized Eskimos. Lots of people from Denmark go to Greenland to teach them. They teach them how to build houses and how to

comfortably.
ANNA BLAHUSIAK, Age 11. West Willington.

Villages, Towns and Guilds in

Middle Ages. In the middle ages the house of a lord was called a manor. It stood on a hill. A little lower under it were a hill. A little lower under it were the huts of the serfs.

The serfs led a miserable life. They

did not have much time to work on their own patch of land because they had to work for the lord. The huts were built very badly.

The serfs did not have much to eat in winter. The hams they made were usually spelled before the end of win-ter because they did not salt them

Every large town or city was owned by a lord at that time. He made the laws for the people. The people want-ed to exchange goods with the traders, but the lords would not allow it.

a guild.

A guild was a company of men of the same trade. They always had a leader who made their laws. For example, if they were shoemakers, they could not sell the shoes above a certain price, and every shoe had to be examined before sold.

There were very few people who

examined before sold.

If a man did not obey the laws of the guild, he was not allowed to stay with it. The purpose of the guild was to have every man have the same with R. The years man have the to have every man have the chance to sell his goods. Chance to sell his goods. Some men who belonged to the guilds were noted citizens in their towns or citizes. Some of the guild-halls yet exist. One of the guilds that

still exist is the wool combers' guild.
POSEPH T. MIRTL, Age 13.

The Story of a Scarlet Cord. After the death of Moses, while the children of Israel were still encamped upon the east bank of the Jordan, God told Joshua to take Moses' place and rule the people and to lead them across the river and conquer the land without

God said to Joshua: "I will be with you as I was with Moses."
So Joshua told his officers to tell the

So Joshua told his officers to tell the people to prepare food for a journey, for in three days they were to pass over the river Jordan into land which the Lord had promised them.

This was not a very easy job, for at that time of the year, in the spring, the Jordan was much larger than at other times. All its banks were overflowed, and it was running as a broad, deep, swift river, down to the Dead sea, a few miles to the south. Only a strong man could swim in its powerful current, and the Israelites had no boats in

rent, and the Israelites had no boats in which they could cross it.

A few miles distant, on the other side of the city, the Israelites could see the walls of the city of Jericho, standing at the foot of the mountains. This city must be taken before the rest of the land could be won, for it stood be-side the road leading up to the moun-

tain country.

Joshua sent two careful, brave and wise men across the river to Jericho to find out all they could about the city, and told them to return in two days. They swam across the Jordan and went into the city, but were seen by the king, who sent men to take them prisoners. They came to a house which stood on the wall of the city, where a woman named Rahab lived, and she hid the men.

The king sent his officers after these strange men who were seen going into the woman's house. The woman hid the men under some flax stalks on the roof and the officers did not find them, but thought they had left the city; then Rahab went to the two men and days. They swam across the Jordan

then Rahab went to the two men and "All of us in this city know that

your God is mighty, and has given you this land. We have heard how your God dried up the Red sea before you, and led you through the desert, and gave you victory over your enemies. And now all the people in this city are the fleet was the Royal George. She in fear of you, for they know that your was the admiral's ship and carried a God will give you this city and all this

"Now," said Rahab, "promise me in the name of the Lord that you will spare my life, and the lives of my father and mother, and of my brothers and sisters, when you take this city." The men promised that they would. From one of her windows Rahab let down outside a rope, upon which the men could slide down to the ground.

It happened that this rope was of a bright scarlet color.

The two spies told Rahab to have the scarlet rope hanging in the window while they were taking the city and to bring her father, mother and family into the house and keep them there during that time, and thus all would be safe when the city is taken. Then the two men, at night, slid down the rope and found their way back to Joshua and told him their

JESSIE BREHAUT. East Norwich, N. Y.

A Faithful Servant,

A certain king was in need of a servant who could be depended upon to do what he was told. So in the hope of getting the right man he hired two

These he took to a well one morning and showing them a large basket bade them fill it with water. Then, after promising to return at night to see what they had done, he left them to themselves and went away. The men were very much in earnest

when they began their work, but after pouring five or six bucketfuls of water nto the basket one of them stoppe "What is the use of doing this? As fast as we pour the water into the basket, it runs out. It is nothing but

"That is no business of ours," replied his companion. "We are paid to do this work and, whether or not it seems useful to us, we ought to do it." "You may do as you please," said the first speaker, "but as for me I

shall not waste my time on any such foolish work," and, throwing down his bucket, he walked off.

The other man continued at the work until about sunset, when he had nearly emptied the well. Looking into the basket, he saw something gitter-

ing. Stooping to look closer, he found it was a ring of great value, which his bucket had scooped up from the mud at the bottom of the well. "Now I know why the king wanted the water poured into the basket," he said to himself. "Had it been poured on the ground, the ring might have been trampled into the mud and been

ome of his officers. As soon as he aw the ring he knew the man had beyed his orders, though they seemed o be foolish.

Here was one to be trusted, thought the king, so he gave the man a place in the palace and, not long after, made eater of the other servants AGNELLIA GAREAU, Age 12.

How a City Was Buried. Once there was a beautiful city nes city was so beautiful people came from all over the world to see it. When they returned to their homes they told

of its lovely gardens, parks and its At the end of every street a spark ling fountain played, while the people sat on the marble seats and enjoyed the view of the deep blue sea. Rich people were there, dressed in their gayest dresses and attended by their

Very often tables were spread in parks and loaded with fruit and flowers.

Many of the houses were large and costly. Everyone had a garden where rich fruits and lovely trees and flow-

ers grew.

The walls of many of the house were adorned with pictures painted by were adorned with pictures painted by
the artists of the day.

Very often masters of these fine
houses gave feasts to their friends;
but while dining the guests did not sit
at tables, as is our custom. They sat
or lay down among soft, rich cushlons
which covered the benches and floors.

And so these rich people went on
from day to day, feasting, dancing and
singing. They were very proud of
their homes.

that he would let them trade without his interference.

Another thing that the people did at that time was to form guilds. It was a volcano. Clouds of ashes that time was to form guilds. It was a volcano. Clouds of ashes that time was to form guilds. It was fell on the country for miles around, thought a great honor to belong to a guild.

A guild was a company of men of the same trade. They always had a The earth shock and tall buildings fell.

The earth shock and tall buildings fell to Hercules the Strong:

morning and we stayed at school throughout the day. Our horse, Char-ley, was very knowing and kind. He

knew the way from our house to the school so well that he was often trust-

ed to go alone.

Often towards the close of a stormy afternoon my father would harness the good horse to the wagon, take him to

"Charley, go and get the girls."

Charley would trot down the road to the schoolhouse, would himself turn the wagon so that he was headed toward home, and there wait till school was out, when we climbed into the

vagon and dreve him. There he was

rewarded with loving words, pats and

horse was always treated kindly. Fa-ther refused all offers for him and he

The Manufacture of Quilte.

some fancy designs.

The sale-quilt, supplying trade to

day, differs in many ways from the way the people made them before 1880. A bed quilt is a combination of three things—the covering, the filling and

ed a strip one-eighth the width of an-

HATTIE PERKINS.

ended his days with us.

Colchester.

on the city, and the city was soon buried beneath ashes and cinders. There were very few people who escaped from the city. CATHERINE NELSON, Age 12. Versailles.

Versailles. A True Story About a Horse.

One afternoon a lady told me a story The Liberty Bell Bird Club. which I thought very nice, so I will tell
it to you and the Wide-Awakes:
When I was a little girl we lived in
the country, about a mile from a little
schoolhouse. Every pleasant day we
walked to school. When it was stormy
my father generally carried us in the Dear Uncle Jed: I belong to the Liberty Bell Bird club. Those who

I think the birds are very pretty.

love the robin and the bluebird best, because they sing very sweetly. I see the robin every day. There is a blue-

Colchester.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED.

Dear Uncle Jed: One pleasant day in June my friend and I went out walk-ing. We did not go very far when we heard a flutter of wings. We stopped and listened and soon we saw a flock of quail. We at once hurried to I am glad to remember that faithful the spot where they rose, hoping to find their nest, but instead, we found a magnificent bed of purple and white

We were soon busy picking them and when we were through we had a lovely bouquet. This made us look for more flowers, and going to a lit-tle brook, we found on its banks a bed The manufacture of quilts as a busiof adder tongues and anemones. We soon picked more than our hands could hold and we started for home.

On our way home I thought of a little girl who was a cripple, and had grown to be a large business.

Before this time the old-fastioned bed quilt, or comfortable, was pieced together from small bits of calicoes in

to be carried on a chair around the house. She loved flowers, but could not go out to pick them. So I said to my friend: "Let us visit that little girl and we will give her these flowers."

This she agreed to do, and we decided to go the next day.

the stitching.

No one sees the process of wholesale The next day was pleasant, and in quilt making without a feeling of in-First we enter a large, well lighted girl's home.

It did not take long to go there and

on rolls containing 2,000 yards.

In this form it is not wide enough for a quilt, so to a full breadth is sewhave them.

She called for her mother and bade

stayed a long while, telling her stories and also told her the names of the of quilts are made.

The next thing to be done is the flowers in the vase.

The time sped fast, and it was time for us to go home. We said goodbye to the little wirl and told her we would fastening and filling.

The top and bottom cloths are separated and the filling, which is prepared in bats, is rolled a after which the face and lining are brought into their places and the three are fed through rollers become which a girl on

come more often.
She was sorry to have us go, and she stayed near the window and watch-

Then the fabric passes along to the knotter. These quilts are then sold in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and

JAMES O. KELLY.

through rollers, beyond which a girl on either side sews the edges of the cloth

Porto Rico.

Versailles.

Forest Fires. Sometimes we do not know and appreciate some of our very best friends until it is too late. The great forest trees are certainly our friends in many

From a great many trees we get use From a great many trees we get useful articles, including nuts, medicines, lumber and paper, and many more valuable things, What are we going to do for lumber with which to build houses when all of the fine trees are

world, notably China, India and Korea, where the people did not know and appreciate the full value of trees until it was too late.

In our country we have the most magnificent forests in the world and yet we are treating them little better than the people of China and India and Korea treated their original forests. Ought we not to do better?
When we start to cut a fine tree do we always consider whether it is abso

lutely necessary for us to cut it?
We have it in our power now to
a good service to our country planting a tree and caring for it until it is big enough to make its own living.
Every year the governor of Connecticut appoints a day as Arbor and Bird day. On this day we always plant

trees or flowers. CLIARA ALLEN, Age 14.

Versailles. A Day Trout Fishing.

One day I asked my uncle to go fishing with me. We were to start at 8 o'clock in the morning.

When my uncle came my mother had a lunch ready for us. We started for Browning's brook.

When we got there it was 10 o'clock.

We started to fish. After we had been fishing for an hour I got a bite and pulled out quite a large trout. Soon after my uncle caught one

which was not quite as large as the one I caught. When noon came we ate our lunch. Then we followed the brook until we empties. We flished along each side of

river, getting quite a lot of fish, were getting near home when uncle got a bite and pulled, but line broke. I lowered my line, but fish did not bite again. We got home at 4 o'clock. When we cot home my mother fried some of the

we got home at 4 o clock. When we got home my mother fried some of the fish, which were good.

I hope to go fishing again soon.
The trout season is good and we have plenty of brooks where we can MICHAEL J. BURNS, Age 18. Fitchville.

Attacked by Wolves, Once upon a time a young man whose name was George Griscom, was sent by his employer to the northern part of Canada. George lived in the southern part of Canada.

As soon as George had his orders he went to a stable and engaged two horses attached to a sleigh and a driver, and started out in the morning about eight o'clock. The farther George went in the sleigh the lonelier it seemed.

it seemed.

Soon it began to snow a life, and then harder and harder, until the road was covered with snow about a foot deep. When he came to the forest, he heard the howling of wolves coming after them, so the driver made the horses go faster, but the wolves got closer and closer until they were about a rod away from the sleigh.

George then took a rifle and aimed at the pack and shot. Bang! Bang!

The pack stopped to eat the carcass of the two wolves that were shot dead. Then the horses were made to go faster, and faster, until George, the driver, horses and sleigh were safe and sound at their restination.

MORRIS BERNSTEIN, Age 11. Jewett City.

MORRIS BERNSTEIN, Age 11. Heroules and the Wagoner A man was once driving a heavy

"O, Hercules, help me! I pray you, help me!" he said. But Hercules answered:

'Pshaw, man! Don't lie there in the mud. Get up and put your shoulder to the heel. Don't you know that the gods help them who help themselves?"
ANNA LAROCHE, Age 11.

belong to the club take care of the birds. We are taught we should give them food to eat and water to drink and make houses for them.

I took the pledge of the club that I would not harm the birds or kill them. I think the birds are very pretty.

bird's nest near our house.

AGNES GAYESKI.

The Crippled Girl and the Flowers.

Soon we were home and I put the

room called the cloth room. From here comes all the cloth that goes into the quilts, packed either in cuts in cases or we found her sitting near the window. She smiled at us, and when we gave her the flowers she was very glad to

her get the vase that her grandma gave her for a Christmas present. It other.

The face and lining, corresponding to the top and the bottom of a finished quilt, are passed over spreaders and sent down through the floor to the room below, where two different styles was a pretty vase, and it just matched he flowers. She set the flowers in arefully and put them on the window the flowers. sill, where she could look at them. We

ed us until we were out of sight.

My friend and I were very glad
to make the little girl happy.

MOLLIE PALEY, Age 12. Colchester.

How Mary Kept House. Dear Uncle Jed: Mary lived with her aunt, and her aunt went out to spend the day and left Mary to keep house. The cook was down stairs, of course, but Mary was to stay upstairs, and wait on the door, and see all those who called. The small child felt quite

At first she took up a book and began to read, but was soon tired of that Then she thought she would clean up the rooms, so she put on a long apron tied up her curls in a sort of mob-cap was much too big f

She did not put a thing out of the rooms, and so the fine chairs, and he vases, had a thick coat of dust on Tray, the dog, tried to help her all he could, but he did not help in the

right way.

When Mary shook the dust cloth
Tray would jump for it and seize
one end and pull at it with all his After she had dusted, she was quite pleased with the way the room looked, and so she thought she would sweep and dust the stairs. So she took the broom and sweep all the dir that was on the stairs, while Tray was close at her heels. And when she took the dust cloth he would run up and down the stairs, barking and jumping, and giving such hard tugs at the dust cloth

that Mary had hard work to keep hold of it. Once he got it away from her and such a chase as the two had up and downstairs! And when Aunt Wells came home, she found Mary and Tra fast asleep on the rug, with the dus

cloth between them. ETTA M'GRATH, Age 12. girls were greeted kindly by Rose's A Ride to Pine Grove, Niantic.

Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would drop a few lines to let you know my visit to Pine Grove, Niantic, last sum We left our home in Stafford Springs early one bright sunny Monday morn-ing. We hired a double-seated auto and we started off.

There was beautiful scenery going through Willington, Coventry, Willimantic and Norwich.

If I had been acquainted with you I would have stopped and shaken hands with you and had a fine talk.

We passed through New London, down past the Golden Spur, and arrived at Pine Grove, Niantic, at 11 o'clock.

This was the best ride I ever ha This was the best ride I ever had in my life. The first thing we did was to take a swim. Then we wiped the dust off the car; then we were awful hungry, you bet, and after a delightful meal we went for a sail to see if we could get any crabs.

We stayed at Pine Grove one whole month and had a great time digging clams and catching crabs, and after most delightful time we returne

ome on the steam cars.
Our friends were glad to see us back in our old home town.

MILDRED E. WHITE, Age 13. Stafford Springs.

Dear Uncle Jed: I want to tell you about my pets. I have a dog and he is yellow and white. He catches rabbits and woodchucks. three kittles and their name are Rose, Lily and Trixy. Two are most all white, with gray ears and talls and the other is a little yellow and white one.

Two stay in the barn all of the time to keep the rats out of the grain. EDNA M. DAWLEY, Age 7.

Only Missed Three Weeks. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write and tell you about my pets. I have two cats and six bantam hens. I go to school every day. I am in the second grade. I have only missed three weeks this term.
MILDRED BROWN, Age 7.

he came to a spot where the wheels sank half way into the mire. The more the horses tried to pull them out, the deeper they sank.

At last the man threw aside his whip, knelt down and loudly prayed to Hercules the Strong:

"O Hercules help me! I pray you."

Margaret's Conscience.

cience, Little Margaret loved her home and

she loved the great river and meadows and orchards; but better than anything else, she loved the clock that stood in the living room.

Her father had told her if she would listen closely she would hear the clock saying: "Do right, little girl! Do saying: "Do right, little girl! Do right! Do right!"

It was midsummer and the father

and mother were away from home and the children were left to take care of themselves. They soon grew tired of playing with their books. The two-year-old baby had fallen fast asleep, and Margaret took her station before the old clock, but she soon got tired of watching the clock. Then she of watching the clock. Then she thought how she would like to touch the swinging pendulum. She took a step, and was startled by hearing it say: "Do right! Do right! Do right!" "I haven't done anything wrong, have I?" exclaimed the child. Then she was sure she heard it say: "That's right! That's right!" right! That's right!"

When her father came home the children saw that the clock had stop-ped, so they ran and told him. He said to Margaret, "You have done DORIS EASTERBROOKS, Age 8.

Willimantic.

Going Away. Dear Uncle Jed: Margaret is a girl about 14 years old. She has graduated from grammar school and is going to enter high school in a city near her home. She lives on a farm about 15 miles from the city. She cannot come

home but once a week.

Margaret has never been away before and her mother and sisters feel fore and her mother and sisters feel very lonely to have her go.

Just as the goldenrod and asters are blowing all over the fields and roadside, Margaret must leave the farm she loves so much and go to the city where everything is exciting to her, but no flowers or birds like those on the farm.

on the farm,
When the day comes for her to go she packs her sultcase and gets dress-ed while her father hitches Old Gray to the carriage to drive over to the sta-

It seems as though her heart would break when it is time to go, but she knows it is for the best and tries to cheer her mother and the two sisters, Mabel and Edna, who think they cannot do without her MATILIDA FAYESKI, Age 12. Colchester.

The Early Settlers. Dear Uncle Jed: The oldest ceme-tery in our town is the Gallup ceme-

tery on Pine Hill road.

stone in that cemetery is dated 1735, and is that of William Gallup, a son of John, who was also buried there with the early settlers.

The first church in our town was built on the Pine Hill road. The first pastor was Samuel Dorrance, a young man just out of college. He was from Ireland. He was greatly beloved by his people.
When Sterling was incorporated,

Rev. James Burlingame, one of the most noted gospel preachers in New England, was born in a house just east of the church Sterling Hill church was built next.
The next one was the line church on
Ekonk hill. East of Sterling Hill
church the Revolutionary soldiers en-

camped on the green. The level plain east of the church was used for a racing track. Oneco was named for an Indian chief and was a business city. Cotton and woolen mills were manufactured. A quarry worked by 125 men made bus-

Moosup. Her Pets. Dear Uncle Jed: As I have a little time, I thought I would write a few lines to you and tell you about my

RALPH WILCOX, Age 12.

ness

I have a baby flying squirrel and could and raised quite a dust. eight pupples.

The flying squirrel is not tame; yet, because I only caught him a few weeks ago.
I have eight pupples. Their colors are: One black and white, 2 brown,

I brown and black and white and four black. They are not a month old yet, but are very cute. The mother is black and her name is Belle.

We also have a last year's puppy whose name is Cute, and he deserves

because he is cute. I also have a cat named Maltese She hunts mice

MILDRED RAY, Age 11. Norwich.

Alice's Visit to Rose. It was a warm day in June and Alice had planned to spend the day with her friend. Alice started about 7 o'clock in the morning, as she had a one way to go on the car.
Rose, the other girl, lived in the city, while Alice lived in the country.

Alice arrived in the city about 9
o'clock. As she stepped off the train
she was greeted by her friend, Rose.
When they arrived at Rose's house the

After supper.

After supper Alice started home on the 7 o'clock car. Alice arrived home about 8 o'clock. Alice went to bed feeling happy over her day's visit.

RUBY SWAIN, Age 11. She Likes Arithmetic Best. Dear Uncle Jed: I thought I would write you a few lines. I go to the school in the Old Hop River district. There are 15 scholars. I like arith-

The children played with toys until about 5 o'clock and then they were

called to supper.

nest and I study history. raphy, arithmetic, spelling and BLANCHE POTTER, Age 8. Willimantic.

Man Takes His Own Medicine Is an Optimist. He has absolute faith in his medicine—he knows when he takes it for certain aliments he gets relief. People who take Dr. King's New Discovery for an irritating cold are optimists they know this cough remedy will penetrate the linings of the throat, kill the germs and open the way for na-ture to act. You can't destroy a cold

by superficial treatment—you must go to the cause of the trouble. Be an optimist. Get a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery today. White Man with Black Liver. The liver is a blood purifier. The liver is a blood purifier. It was thought at one time it was the seat of the passions. The trouble with most people is that their liver becomes black because of impurities in the brood due to bad physical states, causing billiousness, headache, dizziness and constipation. Dr. King's New Life pills will clean up the liver, and give you new life. 25c at your druggist.

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